

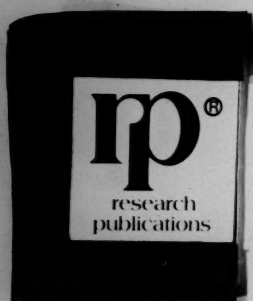
THE
C----- UNMASQU'D:
OR, THE
STATE PUPPET-SHEW.

Let's not, for *Party Sake*, incur Your Hate,
For We're but *Wooden Figures*, BLOCKS of STATE;
Mov'd by the Artist's Finger up and down,
And mean no Harm to MINISTER, or CROWN;
Then square your Actions by this Drama's Toil,
For VICE and VIRTUE rise in ev'ry Soil;
The City, C—r—t, and Town (I dare aver t'ye)
Are but one blended Scene of VICE and VIRTUE;
Where all Conditions more to Life appear,
Than the great BLUNDER represented here.
But if our mimic Action gives Offence,
And Want of *Skill*, be deemed a Want of *Sense*;
If you're resolv'd we ne'er shall more endeavour,
T' improve by Custom, and regain your Favour;
Then, COURTIERs like, we'll mourn your lost good Graces,
And, rather than be hiss'd, RESIGN our PLACES.

EPILOG.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. Irons near the *Royal-Exchange*.
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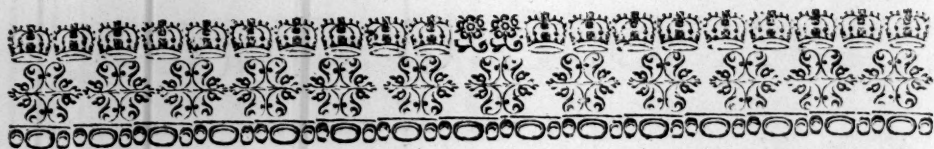
P R O L O G U E.

G Allants, some Moments hence, our Droll begins,
 And shews each publick Fool his private Sins;
 The Ground-work's Novel, which we build the Farce on,
 We lash the Vice, and you may guess the Person.

If touch'd in Conscience, then you shrink to hear
 The Crimes which Satire thunders in your Ear,
 Fairly unmask, and let your Sores be seen,
 We've Salve to heal you, whilst your Wounds are green:
 Yet, should you still proceed in stubborn Guise,
 Hug the dear Folly, and indulge the Vice,
 Eke out your Lives in scandalous Pursuits,
 Foes to your Country, Pensionary Brutes,
 With brandish'd Pen th' adventrous Bard essays,
 To brand your Names, and shame you into Grace.


In ancient Days, when giant Crimes prevail'd,
 When Falshood rear'd her Head, and Virtue fail'd,
 With keen, invective and impartial Rage,
 The daring Muse reclaim'd the vicious Age;
 The conscious Monarchs trembled on their Thrones,
 And dreaded less the Sword, than Satire's Sons.
 May those light Scenes direct you in the Right,
 And mend the Follies we expose To-night;
 Our Drama's new, but may be justly said,
 The first State-puppet Shew was ever play'd.

The



THE
C----- UNMASQU'D:
OR, THE
STATE PUPPET-SHEW.

*The Curtain rises, and discovers Sir Politick Blunder
and Saphick.*

S. Pol.  HANKS to the Gods, who've
crown'd my elder Days
With deathless Honours, and im-
mortal Praise,

Whose Influence shone upon my younger Prime,
And promis'd fuller Joys in future Time;
Wide's my Command, and *Fortune* is my Slave,
Thus Heav'n rewards the Faithful and the Brave.

Sap. Such *patriot Breasts* seem Heav'n's peculiar care,
Dropt down like Stars, t' illuminate our Sphere;
Succeeding Times shall boast how firm you stood,
How staunch to Trust, you stem'd a boist'rous Flood,
With *Phæbus* ran a steady Course of Years,
Whilst the same Fire and Spirit still appears;
How

How *Moses* like you broke our captive Chains,
 And turn'd our Defarts into fruitful Plains;
 Stopt the Career of *Jehu's* rapid Wheel,
 Oppos'd his Race, and foil'd his barbed Steel;
 Such Faith recording Annals shall unfold,
 And *Blunder* live in monumental Gold.

S. Pol. No more, the Bus'ness of the Day comes on,
 Demands Dispatch, and speaks what must be done;
 Our Foes are numerous, and the grumbling Crowd
 Mix their Complaints, and like the Winds grow loud,
 Like *Jove's* Twin-planets we'll bear equal Sway,
 Fix'd Constellations of propitious Day;
 Yet here alone, we'll differ from his Race,
 They shine alternate, we conjunctly blaze.

Sap. Oh! born to raise thy Country's Cause,
 To guard her Freedom, and support her Laws,
 To brow-beat Truth, when insolent and plain,
 She'd charge thy Conduct with illegal Gain:
 Success attend the glorious Toil in Hand,
 Speed ev'ry Wish, and drain the fatten'd Land.
 But say, what Scheme (for thy exalted Sense,
 Can cover Hell-born Fraud with false Pretence)
 What shapeless Project, big with golden Gains,
 Employs thy Thought, and in thy Bosom reigns;
 Impart the Joy, and let it still be known,
 That *Saph* and *Blunder* shall be ever one.

B

Sir

Sir Pol. To thee, whom Nature has so near ally'd,
 With *brazen Front-piece*, and *despotick Pride*;
 Whose *thoughtless Looks* betray that *empty Space*,
 Where NOTHING reigns, and plays about thy Face:
 The Cause I'll ope, the Matter I'll unfold,
 With Mountain Hopes, that swell with *Tuns of Gold*.

Saph. Oh, *Blunder!* how my working Passions
 move,
 At this kind Instance of fraternal Love;
 My Blood runs refluent thro' my trembling Veins,
 And something whispers I shall share the Gains.

Sir Pol. Time and Occasion may do wondrous
 Feats,
 Time *ripens Mischief*, whilst Occasion waits;
 'Till then, no more; for, lo! my *Minions* throng,
 Thicken in Form, and jostling crowd along;
 In *suppliant Posture* at my *Shrine* they bow,
 Rise with my *gracious Nod*, or *tumble low*;
 So *partial* is *tyrannick Will* for *Pow'r*,
 Can first *displace*, and then again *restore*.

Enter Lord Lackwit, Sir Whiffle Youngster, Wal-
 fingham, Osborn, *bowing low*.

S. Whif. Hail! to the mighty *Blunder* of the Age,
 Whose Beauties shine thro' *Courtly Lackwit's Page*;
 [He points to Lord Lackwit.
 Where

Where *Virtue*, trac'd by his *Seraphick* Pen,
Proclaims Him *first* of *Bards*, Thee *first* of *Men* :
With *Cringe* obsequious, here behold we stand,
With *Walsingham* and *Osborn* Hand in Hand.

S. *Pol.* Your *Zeal*, my *Lord*, for my *depending Cause*,
Gives you no *small Pretension* to *Applause* ;
The *mighty Favour* I with *Pleasure* own,
And thus adopt Thee for my *P----n----d Son* :
Be twice *Five Hundred Pounds* thy *Annual Rent*,
Charg'd, without *Tax*, upon the *G-----t*.
But, had thy *Pen* been poignant as thy *Sword*,
Thou'd'st then with *Justice* shone a *matchless Lord*.

L. *Lack.* When *Virtue*, stain'd by *faction's Book-*
worms stands,
The *Pen* should be employ'd, as well as *Hands* ;
Satire should then, impartially severe,
Strike at the *Guilty*, nor be aw'd by *Fear* ;
For *Party Rage* without *Distinction* raves,
Mingling the *free-born Natives* with the *Slaves* :
The *Boon* confir'd far, far exceeds *Desert*,
Duty prevail'd, and I but did my *Part*.

S. *Whif.* Behold th' *Avengers* of great *Blunder's*
Name,
The matchless *Osborn*, and fam'd *Walsingham* !
When *Discord* first began to found a *Charge*,
Th' *Affault* was furious, and the *Breach* was large,
With *equal Skill* both took the *Paper Field*,
And, tho' repuls'd with *Shame*, would never yield.

Sir

Sir *Pol.* Your Praise confirms 'em generous and
 bold,
 Nor shall such *Secret Service* want for *Gold*;
Ambition is the Vice of all Mankind,
 That, more or less, first taints the infant Mind;
 There, by Degrees, it swells with ripening Years,
 And thrives, till some invidious *Fiend* appears,
 Envies its Rise, and, with malignant Force,
 Bellows revengeful Arms to check its Course:
 For this *Craft* triumphs, for this *Sheer-wit* sings
 The *Fall* of *Statesmen*, and the *Fate* of *Kings*.

L. *Lack.* Vain is their restless Spirit, vain their
 Rage,
 And vain their *Doctrines* to reclaim the Age:
 Thy *Pow'r* and *Treasure* like a Storm descends,
 To *blast* their Hopes, and gain Thee *faster Friends*.
 Thus the great King of *Macedon* prevail'd,
 And *Bribes* were *useful*, where his *Virtue* fail'd.

[*Walsingham and Osborn present Sir Politick
 with a Petition, which he returns, and orders
 one of 'em to read.*

Sir, by Petition, humbly we implore,
 To snack some Part of your *Peruvian Ore*,
 Or else, by G---d, we never can write more.

Our

Our *Ink* and *Paper*, like our *Wits*, confume,
 Our *Landlord* rags, and swears he'll lock the Room,
 And, if once *padlock'd out*, where can we come?
 Some *little Bill*, directed to the *Bank*,
 Drawn upon Messieurs *Smoakers*, or Sir *Frank*,
 Will plump our Guts, nor make 'em look so lank.
 This is a Point, from which we ne'er can swerve,
 Therefore the *Ready*, or the *Cause* must *starve*,
 For who, if *poorly paid*, will ever *serve*?
 In hopes *Your Honour* will not let us rue,
 We've sign'd our Names (as much as we can do)
 And not *much more's* expected, Sir, from *You*.

L. *Lack*. Hence from his Sight, ye *stupid Sons* of
 Want,
 Must you no sooner *ask*, than he must *grant*?
 What! this the Method to exalt his *Fame*,
 And make his *Actions* deathless as his *Name*?
 Retire, nor let -----

S. *Pol*. ----- Hold! hold! they write for Bread,
 Their Cries seem just, and *Hunger* must be fed;
 The *venial Service* merits some Regard,
 And *Pains*, well executed, claims *Reward*.

[He gives 'em Money.]

Here, let me see how *Gold* inspires the *Muse*,
 'Tis a *rich Cordial*, and of *Sov'reign Use*;

C

Elates

Elates the Mind, and gives the Thought a Rise,
 Makes *Vice* a *Virtue*, and a *Virtue Vice* :
 Blazon my *Worth*, glos ev'ry *Failing* o'er,
 Lessen my *Faults*, and aggrandize my *Pow'r* ;
 Thro' distant *Climates* let my *Merit* ring,
 My Motto this, *My Country*, and *my King* :
 Here let my *Conduct*, there my *Faith* be told,
 My *small Possessions*, my *Contempt* of *Gold* ;
 My *Love* for *D'Anvers*, and my *Hate* to *Strife*,
 But not *one Word* of *PENSIONS* for your *Life* :
 This, when I read the *publick Papers* o'er,
 Shall soon convince me if *You merit more*.
 Adieu, and prosper -----

Wal. ----- Sir, we'll ne'er abandon
 So firm a *Patriot*, whilst we've *Legs* to stand on ;
 And, tho' your *Honour* has supply'd our *Call*
 With *Golden Ink*, we'll dip our *Pens* in *Gall*.

[*Exeunt.*

S. Pol. My Spirits flag, my Blood forsakes my Face,
 I dread my Brother should *mistake* the *Case* ;
 His *constant Error*, and *excuseless Fault*,
 Is *Want* of *Judgment*, and a *Want* of *Thought* ;
 But what tho' Nature han't bestow'd him *Parts*,
 My *Pow'r* can answer for his *mean Deserts* :
 'Tis true, the *Points* he treated on *Abroad*,
 Requir'd a *Genius* absolutely *Good* ;

And

And where *Perplexities* confound the *Mind*,
The *Brain* grows *addled*, and the *Senses* *blind* :
I'll move his Stay ; for something pleads aloud
To veil his *Foible* from the *cens'ring* *Crowd* :
E'er long we'll meet, 'till then, my Lord, adieu,
I've something here, [*pointing to his Head*] and shall
provide for *You*. [*Exit.*

L. Lack. That's well ; now, now's the Crisis of
my Fate,
To shine some glorious Figure in the *State* ;
When *Pride* and *Malice* shewn their utmost *Skill*,
I boldly ventur'd, and assum'd the *Quill* ;
Mars and the *Muses* sure conjunctly met,
Inspir'd my Breast, and lent their mutual Heat ;
Thrice did the *God* of *War* direct my Hand,
Thrice I withdrew, and thrice was at a Stand ;
At length m' enfeebled Spirits took a Start,
O'ercome by *Shame*, and reach'd my *trembling Heart* ;
Slow-pac'd I mov'd, to take the bloodless Plain,
For so much *Valour* ne'er could fight in vain.

Enter Sir Whiffle Youngster.

S. *Whif.* Joy to my Lord, I bring you *welcome News*,
Shall point once more your Sword, nnd chear your
Muse;

Deep in th' immortal *Blunder's* Heart you dwell,
Who weighs your *Merit* in the fairest Scale ;
View the gay Trappings which with pompous Pride
Shine on this *faithful Breast*, and grace my Side :

[*Points to his Garter.*] Those,

Those, the *Rewards* of *Private Service* shew,
From whose auspicious Hands those *Honours* flew;
Sheer-wit and *Craft*, most insolently loud,
With *sland'rous Libel* animate the Crowd;
Thro' *canker'd Lines* the *subtle Poison* spreads,
And taints the Mind of *ev'ry Fool* who reads;
Their *Satire* pierces like th' *envenom'd Dart*,
And wings *Infection* to each *Bigot's Heart*:
On those *black Scrolls* employ thy piteous Eyes,
[*Shews him a Craftsman.*
For when *his Fame's ecclips'd*, our *Glory* dies.

L. *Lack*. No more, Sir *Whiffle*, 'tis decreed that
they
Shall *quit* the Field of *Contest*, or *obey*;
The *Pow'r's* still lodg'd within our *Patron's Hand*,
And, where the *Law's* in Force, who dares withstand?
Mean time, let's argue, meet, consult, advise,
And search, like *Quacks*, where the Distemper lies;
One *Private Audience* blasts his drooping *Fame*,
And from the *Secret Volume* blots his Name;
Stript, like a Peacock, of his *gaudy Plume*,
His Life shall languish in declining Bloom;
Forlorn, abandon'd to his *thrifless Wit*,
And e'en want *Pow'r* and *Pleasure* to COMMIT.

S. *Whif.* Bravely resolv'd, then with *united Force*,
We'll chace the *Foe*, and drive him from the *Course*.
[*Exeunt.*
Th

The Scene opens, and discovers Sir Politick in a melancholy Posture ; he rises and comes forward.

S. *Pol.* Oh ! what an *Art*, what *Cunning* it requires
 To banish Grandeur from our soft Desires ;
 To breathe in Sounds melodious, soft, and sweet,
 And lay the *Purple* at the Fair One's Feet ?
 What Pow'r has Beauty over all Mankind,
 From the great Monarch, to the vulgar Hind ?
 Lull'd in the Bliss, the Soldier owns its Charms,
 Sinks in the filken Chain, and drops his Arms ;
 Quits Lawrels, Conquests, and the dusty Field,
 Resolv'd to make the stubborn Fair One yield :
 Such is my Fate, and such the cruel Fair,
 I mourn in Sighs, and languish in Despair ;
 My Staff, my Pow'r, my Treasure I'd resign,
 To die in Transport, and to make her mine ;
 But, lo ! she comes ! and with majestick Grace,
 Out-shines the Morning-Star, and gilds the Place.

Enter Davisa.

Hail, peerless Dame, to you, as to the Sun,
 When *Persians* bow, I humbly bend me down.

Dav.

Dav. Honour and *Virtue* are my Life's Support,
Estrang'd to all the Glories of a Court ;
I trust the latter to your *Guardian Care*,
Yet disapprove what I so rashly hear :
Man's greatest Crimes are *Falshood* and *Design*,
They first adore, and then profane the *Shrine*.

S. *Pol.* Madam, when first my *Love* I did impart,
Those killing Eyes betray'd a yielding Heart ;
In ev'ry Look consenting Pity flow'd,
And lull'd my Sorrows, as my Bosom glow'd.

Dav. My Looks unjustly you mistake for *Grants*,
The silent Emblems of my sad Complaints ;
My stupid Grief, my Husband's sad Distress,
Have fix'd a mournful Softness in my Face :
These are the plaintive Marks denote my Moan,
And, ah ! but faintly speak th' imagin'd Boon.

S. Pol. This, like a Spirit, chaces Want away,
 [*He takes out 1000 l. Bank Note.*
 Dispells the Clouds of Night, and brings on Day:
 Receive this Pledge, this trifling Scrap of Gain,

[He gives it her.

Till Time permits, and we embrace again.

[*Exit Davifa.*

Enter

Enter Lord Lackwit and Sir Whiffle Youngster.

S. Whif. The Cause is lost, the luckless Day
demands

Immediate *Succours* from the Heart and Hands:

Fortune at length has turn'd th' *uneven Scale*,
The *Teas* are vanquish'd, and the *Nays* prevail.

S. Pol. Haste, my Lord *Lackwit*, to the scribbling
Crew,

Summon their *Force*, and let 'em *join with You*.

Hark! how the Streets resound the *Conq'ror's Name*,

To their great *Honour*, our *eternal Shame*;

Urge ev'ry Reason in your *Patron's Praise*,

Urge ev'ry Reason in the *Foe's Disgrace*;

Cover each *doubtful Sentence* thick with Art,

Enforce the Judgment, and attract the Heart;

Let *Satire* rage with an *unbounded Power*,

And run the Round of *Malice* o'er and o'er,

Till *Faction*, aw'd by *Power*, declines her Place,

And fues for P A R D O N by some A C T of
G R A C E.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, my kind Friends, you've seen what we
can do,

Now your Opinion of the Puppet-Shew ;
Nor Belles, nor Beaux, adorn our simple Scene,
The Draught's mere Nature, and the Story plain.
Let's not, for Party-Sake, incur your Hate,
For We're but Wooden Figures, Blocks of State;
Mov'd by the Artist's Finger up and down,
And mean no Harm to Minister, or Crown:
Then square your Actions by this Dramma's Toil,
For Vice and Virtue rise in ev'ry Soil;
The City, C---r---t, and Town (I dare aver t' ye)
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F I N I S.